

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause: she only asks a hearing.

VOL. XIV. CHICAGO, JUNE 21, 1873. NO. 14.

Original Poetry.

CONSOLATION TO ONE IN TRIAL.

BY HELEN M. COMSTOCK.

Dear one, we are with you ever,
With you in all earthly strife;
Do not grow desponding—never!
We are with you, close as life.

Then weep not, oh! weary mortal!
We, thy loved ones, know thy care,
And are ever near to cherish,
As thy footsteps tread the stair.

Mounting upward, o'er life's troubles;
Upward thro' the starry air,
To the height that's gained by mortals
Who fear not, but do and dare.

Onward then, nor shrink, endeavor
To perform thy duty here;
Thou shalt wear the crown immortal
When you reach the brighter sphere.

Work and faint not; safely ever
Shall thy barque glide swiftly on.
Gather all the flowers around thee,
They will bloom till life is done.

And to make thy life still brighter,
Know we ever watch with love
All thy aims to gather treasures,
To adorn thy home above.

Do not think them idle fancies
That my pencil weaves in rhyme;
They are truths!—as life is certain,
And will stand the test of time.

Rochelle, Ill., April, 1873.

THE ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.

[From the Spiritualist (Eng.).]

On Tuesday, last week, at the ordinary fortnightly meeting of the Anthropological Institute, 4, St. Martin's place, Trafalgar square, London, Prof. George Busk, F. R. S., presided. Among the members present were Col. A. Lane Fox, V. P. S. A., Mr. Francis Galton, F. R. S., Dr. King, Mr. A. L. Lewis, Sir Duncan Gibb, Bart., Mr. E. Charlesworth, F. S. A., and Mr. R. B. Holt, M. R. S. L.

RELIGIOUS BELIEFS OF THE SANTEUX INDIANS.

Mr. E. W. Brabrook, F. S. A., read the following paper upon "The Religious Beliefs of Ojiboi or Santeux Indians resident in Manitoba and at Lake Winnipeg," by Mr. A. B. Reid, M. D., L. R. C. S., Edinburgh, etc., etc., Prof. of Practice of Medicine, Dalhousie College and University, Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada: "GENTLEMEN,—At a request of my friend Sir Duncan Gibb to send a communication on Indian customs, I thought the subject I have chosen would be more appropriate than details of their daily life, which are for the most part very similar in all tribes, and have been again and again described by travelers. Their religious opinions, on the other hand, have been much less referred to.

"I spent the greater part of the years from 1860 to 1864, amongst ten tribes, stretching from Manitoba (Pronounced Man-e-tau-bah. The last a is pronounced very long, the o short) to Vancouver, on the Pacific, but in ordinary intercourse it is very difficult to find out their ideas of religion, they being reluctant to talk much on this subject to strangers. I lived among the Santeux (resident at Lake Winnipeg) eight months, and during that time picked up the material of the following description.

"The Santeux originally belonged to the Lake Superior country, but the old Northwest Fur Company (prior to the Hudson Bay Company) induced many to emigrate to Lake Winnipeg, as they were a more active race, and better hunters than the Swampetribes, who originally occupied that district, and who have, to a great extent, been displaced by the new comers. The chief tribes in Manitoba and on the British Prairie are the Assiniboines and Crees, who really own a canoe, and live on the prairie. The Santeux, or Ojibois, and Swampetribes rarely own a horse, confining themselves nearly altogether to the fishing and hunting on the lakes in their immediate vicinity.

"On first going to live amongst them it appeared to me strange that the Indians, especially the younger men, were rarely called by their Indian names, and on asking their name they said call me 'Niche,' or 'Niche-wah,' (Indian word for brother or friend), or 'bear' or 'John' or 'Tom,' and such like, and it was very difficult to get any other appellation from them. In time I found that there were two reasons for this.

First, Many were averse to be known to the whites by their appropriate names.

Second, That they had no name, which I will now explain.

"It is held that the name is in some way prophetic, either of the man's station in this life, or his future life, and was not assumed until this condition became known, which took place at manhood after the following ceremony had, to some extent, lifted the veil which divides the known from the unknown.

VISION PRODUCED BY FASTING.

"Each young man, at a chosen time, spent a

week in feasting—gorging himself with all he could swallow. He then picked out some quiet place where he would be neither observed nor disturbed, to sleep—or, as the Indians say, to dream. During this period they neither eat nor drink, for doing so would render their efforts vain.

"The sleep lasts from three to seven days, owing to the endurance of the subject; and, during this time, the Great Spirit comes to the Indian in the form of a dream, and thus makes known to him that portion of his future which is to be vouchsafed. The longer the man can abstain, the more pleased is the Great Spirit, who does not visit him until his fortitude is about giving way, when he sinks into the dream, and in spirit sees his future going on from this life, even to that after death.

"The greatest number can only fast three or four days, and they can not get a glimpse of what is in store for them in the spirit-world; but, now and then, a man fasts for seven or eight days, and the Great Spirit, as a reward for his endurance, may show him a high station in the land of the hereafter.

"The Indian goes back to his tribe after the dream (looking much the worse for his abstinence), relates to them what the Great Spirit told him, and assumes a name explanatory of this destiny.

"An old fellow I was well acquainted with rejoiced in the cognomen of 'Co-se-kan-eh-kaw-kaw-po,' signifying, 'The man who, standing up, his head reaches the heaven or sky.' He had fasted and slept eight days, at which the Great Spirit was much pleased, and made known to him that though he should not occupy any position in this world, or be much looked up to, yet, after death, he should make him the ruler-in-chief—accountable to himself alone—of the tract of country bounded by Lake Winnipeg on the east and the lakes Manitoba and Winnipegosis on the west (about two hundred miles long by from twenty-five to fifty-eight miles). The old fellow firmly believed in this destiny, and bore all the ills of life without complaining. His opinions were but little respected,—in fact he was both lazy and a drunkard; but what need had he for position in this world when such a brilliant future awaited him?

PHYSICAL MEDIUMSHIP OF CAUGH-SKE-KAW-BUNK.

"Another was called 'Caugh-ske-kaw-bunk,' signifying 'The rays of light before the sun appears on the horizon.' The Good Spirit informed him that he was to be a leader, a guide to his tribe, and was to give them information, that, like the first rays of light, would be very circumscribed in quantity, but would gradually increase and spread with effulgence over all the tribes in coming time. He was to the Great Spirit as twilight to daylight,—in fact, a 'medicine man.' He had fasted a long period; I did not find out how long. He was extremely modest, and said but little of what he could do; but from the half-breeds I learned that he had accomplished a greater feat than the Davenport brothers of a few years ago, though similar in kind. He might be tied up with cords in any way, and then rolled up in a thirty-fathom net, placed in the medicine-tent alone, and closely concealed. In a short time, cords, net, and all, would be thrown out without a knot untied, and he appear in a state of profuse perspiration. During the time he was in the tent it was surrounded by the Indians at a little distance, who kept up a great tumult, beating sticks, kettles, anything to make a noise, for, by that means, they induced the spirits to come to the aid of the medicine man; others say, to keep the evil spirits off while the good spirits get him disentangled. This is a feat that, on the testimony of the half-breeds, several of their medicine men have performed; but it is never done when strangers to their tribe are present, unless once, long ago, that, as report says, a famous magician performed the feat at the urgent request of some of the Hudson's Bay Company's Magistrates, and on being very closely pressed as to an explanation of how he succeeded, at last said, that, 'by supernatural aid, he changed himself into a snake, and, of course, crawled out without having to undo the knots. This being done, he changed himself back again to a man, but it took a great effort, which was why he was in such profuse perspiration. Comment on this is unnecessary.

"I found old Caugh-ske-kaw-bunk a very decent and reliable man, and we were on very good terms, that on learning that I had no relative in that territory, he offered to be my foster-father. On speaking in commendation of him to one who had been long acquainted with him, and with whom he was friendly, I was told he was a great old rascal, and that he had only been deceiving me in trying to get what he could out of me. It is right, however, to speak of a man as you find him, and I found the old man reliable, more so than any other I knew.

"Since the Indians have been mixing with the whites, many of the younger ones are either leaving off the customs of their forefathers, or practice them in secret, which latter I believe to be very common. They are very sensitive to ridicule, and knowing that the whites and half-breeds, being Christians, are unbelievers, they are extremely diffident to converse about or, in their presence, perform any religious ceremony.

THE SPIRIT-WORLD OF THE OJIBOIS INDIANS.

"As to the belief in a hereafter, I found their opinions to be very decided. Their Spirit-land is an exact counterpart of the present, but is not visible unless to the spirit eye. Everything trees, animals, birds, guns, blankets, canoes, etc., etc., as well as mankind, that have been, or may be, in existence on terra firma, have or will have the spirit-form in

future. A man appears; at first he is small, and gradually attains maturity; he dies and decays, but his spirit-form goes to the Spirit-land. By parity of reasoning, a tree, an animal, any living thing going through the same circle of events, has a similar futurity. A gun, a blanket, a canoe, in course of time will rot away and disappear from the visible earth, as much so as a man; in fact, it dies, which accomplished, it appears in the invisible world, similar in every way to what it was previously, but in the spirit-form and indestructible; in fact to be owned and used in the Spirit World by the Indian in precisely the same way and for the same purpose as when in this world. Hence the reason why the dead man's implements of the chase are buried with him; it is with some tribes customary to burn the deceased's personal property at his burial, so that he may have sooner use of them. Others prefer allowing them to decay naturally, as it is supposed they are not immediately wanted after death; nature having all things wisely arranged.

"The world is to the Indian an *imperium in imperio*, the Spirit World coexistent with, both in time and place, the present world. Lakes, rivers, and mountains are not born, do not die, do not decay, hence the spirit and the mortal look on the same earth, enjoy the same; and live on the same lakes and mountains. The spirits are always present with us, but we can not perceive them.

"When a man dies he journeys for a certain time, thirty to sixty, or more days (ideas on this subject being divided), before arriving at the confines of the Happy Hunting Ground.

"Here he finds a deep river that must be crossed; he plunges in. If he had been a good man in this world, he finds no difficulty in making the traverse; but if wicked, he comes out on the same side as he went in, and it matters not how often he tries, he always comes out on this wrong side."

"For the period of time before he reaches the river, he must depend for sustenance on the friends he has left in this world, and they, every time they eat, for a number of weeks after his death, throw a portion into the fire, where, being consumed, its spirit-form goes to nourish the dead man on his journey. If he have no friends, then his pilgrimage is harassing, and he suffers starvation for the time, though he can not die. He, in fact, passes through the 'hell,' or place of punishment, before the abode of bliss is reached.

"I have frequently seen Indians, always, before eating a piece of food, throw a morsel into the fire, and so strong is this belief that I have seen the first one of the old men, before alluded to, much as he liked the fire water or whiskey, and greedy as he was for every drop he could get, throw the portion first poured out into the fire, and he watched it blaze and wafted away, as he was reconciled by the thought that his departed friend was the first to partake of the delicacy. So it is with meat, or bread, or tea, but a very small piece is so disposed of, for the spirit does not require much to support him. Some of the tribes that live on the prairies are in the habit of killing the favorite horse, and burying it near the Indian, so that the spirit may be mounted at the commencement of his journey.

"A story is related by McLean in his book 'Twenty-five years in the Hudson's Bay Company's Service,' that the master of one of the posts in British Columbia was a very great friend of the old chief in that locality, and they spent much time in each other's society.

"The old chief died, and on the first opportunity, the chief's son killed the master of the fort, with the laudable intention of providing his father in the Spirit World with his old and valued friend, to solace him in his journey, and prevent any break in their intimacy.

"It may be well for many of us that the Christian religion is so much less explicit in its teachings of the future state."

THE HEAVEN AND HELL OF THE OJIBOIS.

"The Indians believe in many good and evil spirits, but there is one 'great spirit,' the supreme chief, that governs, orders the Universe, who is omniscient, omnipresent, and the author of all good, with many subordinates who govern districts under him.

"A chief in this world, if he be a good and brave man, has a preferred chance for honors in the ethereal kingdom, and over his own nation. As to the evil spirits I never heard that any one is supposed to have predominating power. The Heaven or Happy Hunting Ground is a country having neither heat nor cold, neither hunger nor thirst, nor pain, nor quarrelling, nor stealing, nor war, nor scarcity of game of any kind.

"The spirit Indian, with spirit gun, or spirit bow and arrows, flies like the wind in his chase after the spirit game, through the spirit forest, shoots the spirit moose, which falls over as if killed, and then the Indian, taking what he wants of him (the choice piece) goes off to the attack of something else.

"The spirit moose that was shot, as soon as the Indian disappears, jumps up and is off again the same as if nothing had happened, to again reward some other spirit Indian with his needed recreation and pleasure; hence there can never be any scarcity of game and the more so since all the moose killed in this world take on the spirit form."

"These Indians have a curious superstition regarding the bear. They will not permit a dog to eat any part of its flesh, or touch the bones, and all the waste portions of this animal are thrown into the fire. On inquiry I could not elicit any thing more than that if its flesh be used in an unhallowed manner, the subsequent chase of this animal will be unlucky.

"In addition to the sport of the chase the Great Spirit has many ways of recompensing the brave and good Indians, when they are all

assembled in harmonious council, presided over by the ruler of all things.

"Their Hell, or place of future punishment, is exactly the reverse of the happy abode, there is no game, no pleasure, excessive heat and cold, war, fighting, and above all, a continual starvation by both hunger and thirst not to be avoided, never to be appeased even by a prospect of death.

"In addition to this there is a species of refined torture. The bad spirits can congregate along the bank of the river, which separates them from the abode of the happy, and see the good spirits enjoying themselves in every conceivable way, with a bright sun shining, while they are in the dark and frozen with cold, the narrow river alone being the barrier, so that all they have to do is to swim over; but let them attempt it ever so often, and they always come out on the side of misery, more chilled and wet than before making the effort, while seeing numerous new comers jump in and land safely on the other side.

"To give the good Indian a sharper relish for the bliss in store for him, he has to pass the days before referred to in journeying through this country for a period after death, which is supposed to be shorter or longer as he has been more or less deserving. When he arrives at the river, he sees its shore crowded with the unhappy spirits vainly attempting its traverse, he makes his attempt, succeeds, and looking back, must be overjoyed by his good fortune. He is immediately surrounded by his departed friends, who welcome him to the happy hunting grounds, and convey him in honor and triumph to a council with the Great Spirit.

"He has now arrived in a new land, with new customs, and it takes him some time to get used to it. His implements of the chase may not have yet arrived, and he must depend on the bounty of his friends until such time as his own effects come to hand, or he becomes in accord with his surroundings.

"If in the mortal world he had injured any one in the spirit world, the aggrieved party can command justice, and the new comer may thus be inconvenienced, but there is no punishment for any crime committed outside of his own tribe.

"When an Indian dies, his canoe, gun, blanket, and any other thing considered useful, are deposited at his grave, and very often, if his own gun or blanket be inferior or absent, a friend will make up the deficiency. A son will often buy a new gun or blanket, with food as well, so that his parent shall want for nothing in the new land.

"The things at a grave, valuable or not, may remain until decayed, for a theft of this kind was unknown. I was at first surprised that these things remained unmolested, for they are not watched, and the Indians are well aware that there are amongst them those that are not good, but, say they, no matter how bad an Indian may be, or how much inclined to steal, these will be left untouched, for they are sacred to a spirit in the spirit-land. Because the thief must die, and even if he succeeded in crossing the river, he was met by the injured spirit in the new land, and incommenced in any way that spirit desired, for it could then get perfect satisfaction out of him.

"Such is a brief outline of the ideas picked up among the tribe referred to that I remained longest with.

"I had often been at a loss to understand why the Christian religion was so slowly adopted by them, and so soon abandoned after adoption, for I knew lots of Indians, Christian while in the settlement, that were Pagan as heretofore after they returned to their hunting grounds and carried out all their old rites. But on better acquaintance, I could perceive that the Christian religion to such minds did not hold out as clearly perceived advantages as the old one.

"The Christian heaven is a mythical abode of happiness. The happy hunting ground, a delightful home, that the duller intellect could perceive and would try to attain. It pointed out real rather than imaginary bliss. Their hell is a piece of perfection as a hell to the Indian mind and experience.

"Their ideas of medicine, or the cure of the sick, are mixed up with their religious belief in spirits, and I never saw or heard tell of any system in their treatment, other than some rather rude means to exorcise the spirit. Their use of herbs is limited, and their surgical skill is very simple. A charm is one of their potent remedies."

THE DISCUSSION.

Sir Duncan Gibb said that he induced Dr. Reid to write the paper which had just been read, and which contained such interesting facts. His (Sir D. Gibb's) own acquaintance with Indians in Canada did not extend so far north, but chiefly to those living in the district around Quebec and Montreal, and all the Indians about there were supposed to be Christians. He mixed much with them, and found that they seemed to have no religious belief of any kind but that which had been taught them in Roman Catholic churches. Dr. Reid's statements might safely be relied upon as accurate, and the paper was a valuable contribution to the Institute.

Dr. King said that the Indians near Montreal could not be taken as a type of the American races, and it was necessary to go further north. He was disappointed in the paper, and thought that there was no originality in it. He had lived among the races in question 10 years and studied them minutely, and a man who only went among them for a few days, could not get much accurate knowledge of their thoughts; to do this, residence with them for a year at least was necessary. He had lived with them for three years, yet could not get at their religious ideas; but the oldest chiefs of their two greatest tribes had told him

that they never went to bed without praying to their God.

Sir Duncan Gibb explained that his knowledge of the Indians of Lower Canada was not casual; he had lived among them for twenty-five years. Dr. Reid, also, had stated in the paper that he had been for four years among the tribe of Indians living on Lake Winnipeg.

Mr. E. W. Charlesworth said that much in the paper agreed with Swedenborg's record of his experiences in the spirit-world, and his statements about the condition of bad spirits, corresponded with the ideas of the Indians. Swedenborg stated that the bad spirits could see the good ones, and that much of their misery was caused by their inability to join the latter. He compared the next world to a great man, and said that the lower spirits were in the lower parts of the body; he saw these evil beings trying to get into the upper regions, but half-way up they met with a band of a kind of spiritual policemen, who pitched them headlong down again. There was much in Swedenborg's writings resembling the belief of the Indians.

The President said that he thought there was very little original matter in the paper, as the "happy hunting grounds" of the Indians had often been heard of before. He thought it was useful to know that the superstitious notions of the Indians had come down to the present day, and were to be found in civilized countries. The mental ideas of a large number of people in America and England seemed to agree with those of the Indians as to the nature of the spirit-world, for the germ of all the modern Spiritualism of the day was entirely related to the notions of the American Indians. The survival of such absurd beliefs tended to prove that the white race would degenerate into that of the Red Indian again. It was one of those absurd forms of belief which spiritualized things in daily use, and made people suppose that tables and chairs could be used by the Divine Being wherewith to communicate his ideas to the human race.

The Power of Faith.

The Keokuk Gate City says that "a minister tells us of another minister at Decatur, Ill., who, having been blind for sixteen years, and getting no relief from the doctors, suddenly had his sight restored in answer to earnest prayer. The brother clergyman making the statement refuses to give the name of the fortunate man, 'to save the feelings of the family.'" We were about making use of this item to illustrate the efficacy of prayer, when we discovered the following in the local columns of the Muscatine Journal: "William Chambers, Sr., the well-known octogenarian of this city, having been afflicted with paralysis of one leg for two years, during which time he was unable to walk, started for Ottumwa last Wednesday, to seek relief at the establishment of Paul Castor, the Spiritualist physician, better known as the 'faith doctor.' Saturday evening Mr. Chambers returned, apparently as well as ever, and flourishing his crutch like a shillalah instead of using it as a support. He says he was cured simply by laying on of hands—animal magnetism or whatever you want to call it." This squelches our proposed comments on the first-mentioned case; for we do not by any means propose to place the two kinds of faith upon a level, and assert that faith in Paul Castor is as salutary in its physical effects as faith in Jesus Christ; yet the latter story is obviously by far the best authenticated of the two. On the whole, we think we won't comment any.—Dubuque Times of June 8th.

Debate in Prospect.

BROTHER S. S. JONES.—The Spiritualists of Oscaloosa, Eddyville, Ottumwa and other points in this State, challenged the orthodox clergy to discuss the following proposition: "Resolved, That the Bible (King James' version) sustains Modern Spiritualism in its teachings and phases."

The orthodoxy have chosen Frank Evans as their champion and he has accepted the challenge. The Spiritualists have expressed their preference for Moses Hull, of Vineland, N.J., but as they do not know the whereabouts of Mr. Hull or the point at which a letter would be most likely to reach him, they have requested me to write to you to inform you of the above facts to the end that you may give notice to Brother Hull through your paper or otherwise. Brother John Wilcox, of Eddyville, Iowa, will be the proper person to correspond with upon the subject.

The Spiritualists of this part of the State are determined no longer to submit to pulpit misrepresentation but to stand by the cause and have it ably and nobly defended, which none can do more effectually than Moses Hull.

The Frank Evans who has accepted the challenge is a Methodist minister of this State.

Yours, for the truth

S. D. HAY.

Ottumwa, Iowa, June 6th, 1873.

We learn from telegraphic dispatches from New York city, just as we are going to press, that S. Victoria C. Woodhull is lying at the death.

D. W. HULL has been lecturing at Norwalk, O., Milan, O., and vicinity for a few weeks past, and now goes to Deerfield, Mich., for a series of lectures commencing June 18th, and would be glad to remain in the vicinity a short time.

Frontier Department.

BY.....E. V. WILSON.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Give name of town, county and State where you are when you write. Direct all letters to E. V. Wilson, Lombard, DuPage County, Illinois. Never direct letters to us in different country places, when we are speaking under short engagements, unless we so direct. Write short letters, and to the point, in plain talk, stating just what you mean and want, and always date your letters.

The New Year and Our Work to Date.

February 27th and 28th, we were in Gettysburg, where was fought the test-battle of the war, respectively under the command of Gens. Mead and Lee. Their battles in this life are over, and they have joined the hosts they hurled into eternity.

We lectured twice in this city to large and appreciative audiences, giving many fine tests. One is well worth a place in the minds of our readers. To a stranger, to whom we gave his life-lines so correctly that all fully identified him. We then said, "At fifteen years of age we find you in a drowning condition," then described the place, water, parties and country. "At nineteen full, you shoulder the whole burden of life, and carry its responsibilities with you through your twentieth, twenty-first and twenty-second. Then there comes a change so marked that your whole nature is changed in fact. You become another man in affections and habits. Fifteen years ago you came in contact with a spare, dark, smooth-faced man, who took advantage of you and you lost by him largely. Your sister in spirit-life tells me all these things." We then fully described his sister. All we said to him proved true, and the man who wronged him to the extent described was present in the house at this reading. The people were very much surprised.

The breast-work, the graves and monuments of those who fought and died for our free institutions are there yet to be seen, as are the marks of balls and shells. The landlord of the Keystone House gave us a sleigh-ride around town, through the cemetery, and by the monument, pointing out objects of interest. Such as, "Do you see that brick house? Well, look at the end and side. See the bullet marks. The Rebs held that house and our people had a fearful time in dislodging them. In that house on your left, a girl was kneading bread and was killed by a stray ball. Through this street, the enemy drove our people like a flock of frightened sheep. Oh! that was a wild scene. How they did yell! Yonder is where General Reynolds was killed. Well, well, every thing looked gloomy at the conclusion of the first day's fight, the Confederates had it all their own way. Reynolds was dead, our works carried, the city in the hands of the enemy. But during the night, Gen. Mead came up with heavy reinforcements, and early in the morning the battle was renewed, and oh! God, how the earth trembled beneath the battle storm, and what a sight our eyes beheld on the morning of the fourth of July, 1863. Said my informant, I never want to see it repeated. We held it sacred ground, this battle field of Gettysburg, and grounds that will command the respect of every true American, and is now and will ever continue to be a place of resort for the sons and daughters of freedom to visit, during the Summer time. Our sleigh halted on the crest of the hill, near the monument, and for a few moments we stood in vision in the midst of the battle strife. The booming cannon shook heaven and earth. We heard the shouts of the charging forces, the moaning of the dying and the wild plaintive wail of the wounded. Oh! God, how our soul exulted as in vision we saw the Stars and Stripes emerge out of the battle scene and float victorious over the field. Enough,—driver—go on—let us leave! A way sped our bays for the Keystone House, our home during our stay in Gettysburg. To our Spiritual friends we say, when you visit Gettysburg, call on mine host of the Keystone House, and he will care for you well, giving you a good ride behind a splendid team over the battle field of Gettysburg.

We had some sparring with the theological students during our lectures, in which they learned that Spiritualism has in its ranks the Gentle Wilson, as well as the God of humanity.

Saturday and Sunday, March 1st and 2d, we delivered three lectures in Harrisburg, the capitol of Pennsylvania, to a house full of people, giving many very fine tests. On Saturday evening, during the lecture we quoted from Matt 19:27, 28, 29, where Jesus says in answer to Peter's question, "And every one that hath forsaken wife or children for my name's sake, the same shall receive a hundred fold, and inherit everlasting life." We inquired if there was a minister or Christian in the hall who would forsake his wife if Jesus should bid him do so? A man answered: "I am a Christian and a minister, and if Jesus should bid me forsake my wife or children, I would do it."

You would?
"Yes, sir, I would."

Well, sir, you are a bigger fool than I took you to be!

Our meetings in Harrisburg proved a success, and we shall visit the capitol of the Keystone State again next Spring. Dr. Barr is a good mark for the papers to fire at, and one of "ye locals" is practicing on the Doctor. As yet, however, he has not injured the grand old Roman.

We left the desk for the cars, and at midnight on Sunday, the 2d of March we were flying over the iron rail, bound to the sunny South, passing through the city of Baltimore in the night. We found ourselves in Washington, the capitol of our country, on Monday morning, March 8th, at five o'clock.

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In a boat, as it lay in the swollen stream, two orphans were playing. It was late in the day, before the storm ceased, and the clouds, lightened of their burdens, shifted away before the wind, leaving a clear, bright sky along the horizon. Unnoticed, the boat came detached from its fastenings and floated out from shore. Quickly the current carried it beyond all earthly help. Through the foaming rapids, and by precipitous rocks, dashed the bark with its precious freight. As it neared the brink of a fearful cataract the children were stricken with terror, and thought that death was inevitable. Suddenly there came a wondrous change in the little girl; fright gave away to composure and resignation, as, with a determined and resistless impulse that thrilled through her whole being she grasped the rope that lay by her side, when, to her surprise, the boat turned, by an unseen power, toward a quiet eddy in the stream—a little haven among the rocks. The boy, of more tender age, and not controlled by that mysterious influence in despair fell toward his heroic sister, his little form nearly paralyzed with fear. But means of salvation lighted the scene, as from Summer-land, on golden waves of love, came the angels of rescue—they who had been their earth-parents—and through that never-dying affection which thrills alike the heart of parent and child, a power was transmitting that drew the boat aside and lodged it in the crevice of the rocks, and they were rescued.

Thus many a soul has slipped its cable and floated down the rapids of life, with neither oar nor compass, and has been snatched as a "bran from the burning," by the "loved ones gone before." Many a child, unloved and desolate, outcast from society, left to buffet the rude elements of a selfish world, would perish on the way, if not for some loving heart to stimulate it to noble endeavors, and lead it safely along the rough and shadowed path, to reach at last some quiet haven—some niche in the "Rock of Ages."

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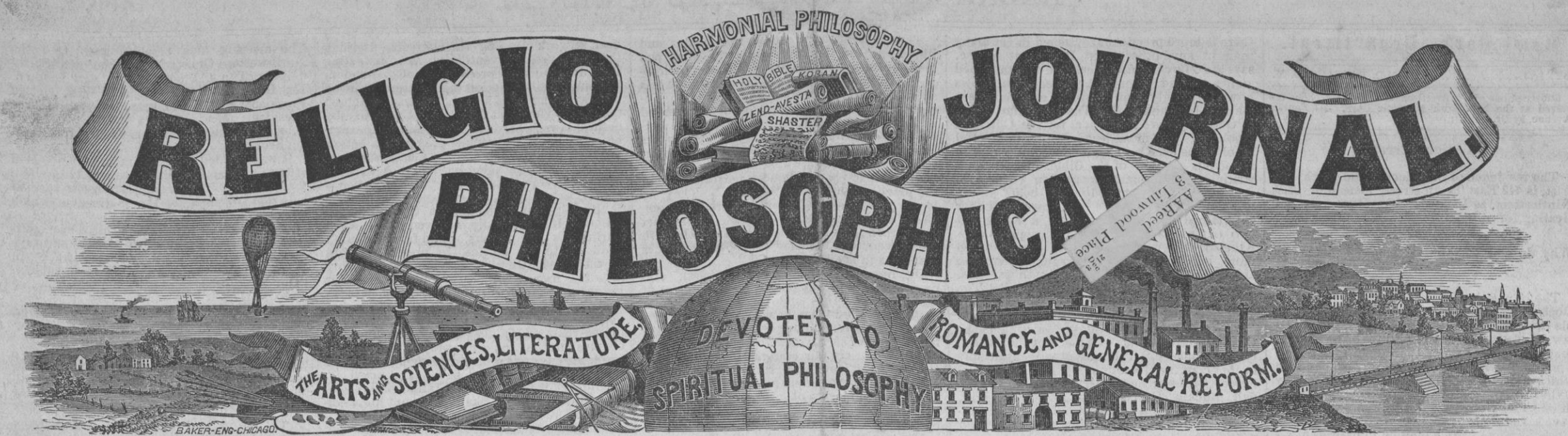
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NO. 20.

Select Poetry.

IN HEAVEN WE'LL KNOW OUR OWN.

BY HANNAH L. M'INTOSH.

Thank God for the faith that teaches,
When the struggles of life are o'er,
We shall meet our own-loved ones,
And shall know them all once more!
What matter though life be dreary,
And we tread its path alone?
If, when the journey is ended,
In Heaven we'll know our own.

Sometimes when fate's frowns are darkest,
And the clouds hang the fair blue sky,
For the tender love of the lost ones,
Our souls will vainly cry:
Then sweetly over our spirits,
Hushing the heart's wild moan,
Comes the whisper of faith—be patient—
And, in Heaven we'll know our own.

And life and its cares grow brighter,
In the light of this precious thought;
When the conflict at last is over,
And the battle of life is fought,
If we work in faith and submission,
The victory shall be won;
And in Heaven where rest awaits us,
We shall meet and know our own.

Ah! how will it be, I wonder,
Shall those who were dearest here
Be dearest again in Heaven;
Or think that when we stand so near
The throne of our loving Father,
That His children, every one,
Shall seem equally dear to each other?
Can any be like our own?

I wonder—but there—no matter;
This belongs to the great To Be;
And we'll see all these things so clearly
In the light of eternity.
'Tis enough to know if we're faithful,
Till the labor of life is done,
In the sweet "by and by" in Heaven,
We shall meet and know our own.

SPIRITUALISM EXAMINED.

Something for Science Men to Account for—
Glimpses of the Future.

From Pomeroy's Future.
CHAPTER TWELVE.

Before going further in this investigation we desire to call attention to a phenomena of a singular nature, in proof or not in proof that spirits retain their individuality to a certain extent, and request those able to inform us, if so far as they know the replies to letters are such to any degree as the person would have given in this life. Here note carefully the following letter, as to its tone and under current of expression:

M. M. POMEROY:—Inclosed find one dollar. We, the undersigned, desire you to get a communication from Dr. John W. Jones, deceased who before his death lived in this county and State, but died in another State. We propound the following questions as tests, that we may be satisfied that spirits can and do communicate, or at least that the communications are not mere trickery of the mediums.

QUESTIONS.

- *1st. Where, and in what year did you die?
- 2d. Of what disease did you die?
- 3d. Did you believe in Spiritualism before your death?
- 4th. How many living members are there of your family?
- 5th. Have you anything to communicate to them?

OBEDIAH JONES,
J. F. SMITH,
F. H. CANLEY,

Mineral Springs, Howard Co., Ark., June 4, 1873.

Address reply to O. JONES, or in DEMOCRAT. On receipt we forward all that portion following the "4," in a dark buff envelope carefully sealed, without address to Dr. J. V. Mansfield, after writing on the fragment of the letter sent—"To Dr. John W. Jones of Arkansas."

Almost immediately was returned to us the following reply. Written by the hand of the medium under spirit control:

DEAR POMEROY:—Will you be kind enough to say to the Tribune parties there, until they have proper respect for the medium sources, through which we communicate, we have no desire to satisfy their curiosity. Obediah knows very well my feelings toward spirit-life. I am not able to give the year of my departure, for time we have not here; this is eternity, one day is as a thousand years, a thousand years as one day. Should we give the party all they care for, they would attribute it to trickery of our mediums.

JONH W. JONES.

It will be noticed that the reply is addressed to us, rather than to any of the Tribune, or three persons signing the letter. Our impression is that Dr. John W. Jones in this life, believed in spirit life; that Obediah Jones and himself have had disputes on the subject; that Dr. Jones was a man, earnest in his convictions, with a deep strata of dignity in his composition, while Obediah was more waspish and at times annoying in ridicule of Spiritualism, and that this spirit of ridicule prompted the writing to us, to inquire for Dr. John W. Jones, who in his reborn life is cognizant of the feelings of the one or ones who address us rather than himself, and gives answer accordingly.

Will the gentlemen who wrote to us be kind enough to let us know if our impressions are correct, and we will frankly publish their letter, to receive censure if we have not correctly stated the case.

Next comes another letter to us, in a brown envelope, sealed with red sealing-wax stamped Wells, Fargo & Co., Express, Jamestown. With it was a letter from J. S. Dixon, Jamestown, California, who writes that he has written and sealed a letter which he wishes us to send to a medium for a reply. We did as requested and received this reply:

MY DEAR STRANGER POMEROY:—I am called upon by some one purporting to know me, but as he comes without a name—I must beg to be excused. I have many professed friends on earth who it would give me pleasure to talk with, but I dislike to talk with any one who will withhold their name. Whoever the friend is, give him or her my best compliments, and tell them to come out where I can talk with them. I am he who was while in the body
M. T. DODGE.

June 15th, 1873.
The sealed letter was returned to us unopened. Will Mr. Dixon give us leave to open, or will he inform us if he did so carelessly a thing as to write us a letter which cost \$5 to have answered, and forget to attach his name thereto? Suppose he should write us a letter and omit his name? How would we know who it was from, and whether to answer it or not? Rather would we say tell me who wrote this, and I will give you a reply.
LOUISBURGH, MIAMI CO., KANSAS,
May 10, 1873.

M. M. POMEROY:—According to promise, inclosed is a true copy of the communication which I sent you some time since, and the replies to my questions by the medium:
LOUISBURGH, MIAMI CO., KANSAS,
May 28, 1873.

ROBERT L. BRYAN,
MY DEAR YOUNGER BROTHER:—If it is possible that the departed can return to earth, will you send me a reply, through a medium, to the following questions:
Are you happy in your present condition or state?

Can you tell me where, when, and how you were taken sick in your late illness?
At whose house was you while sick? And where were your remains taken to, to be buried?

Where was I at the time of your death?
Is mother with you? If so, when did she come to you?

If you can return and communicate with us, who are still living, will you come here and communicate with me, either by writing on a slate or paper, or through a medium?

I would be so glad to have you communicate to me by writing, so I could hear from you and know that you were near me. If you can reply to this, do so, and write anything else you may wish me to know. Your brother,
JOHN.

The reply is as follows, viz.:
Thanks be to God, our heavenly father, my dear Brother John, for the assurance I have the way—or the gulf between that and this world bridged over—and it is possible for spirits and mortals to commune with each other under certain conditions of a mortal organism.

I know how your heart fluttered with first joy and next fear, when you read that article in the DEMOCRAT, of May 24th, said you to yourself "can it be possible that such a communication really exists; can it be possible that with the requisites and foresight of the editor, can be deceived in such an investigation. You thought the matter over, and after maturely considering it you came to the conclusion you would try your hand at it, so on Wednesday the 28th, you seated yourself and made the queries that you have placed in sealed form, and which you inclosed to the editor of the DEMOCRAT in New York, with instructions to go to some reliable medium, and ascertain if a response could be obtained." Well, Brother John, I will do the best I can to notice your queries; I will first say I may not answer your questions in order as given, yet I will touch upon those I can magnify, and hope my feeble or imperfect control may in degree satisfy you that your brother Bob lives and has a conscious individuality.

I am happy, happy, far above any hopes I ever entertained of enjoying, before coming here.

You ask me where was my mortal remains taken to? That, dear brother, I could not say, for I did not awaken to consciousness for the term of fifteen days after I had left the mortal casket; and then it was with difficulty I could trace earth's matters; for weeks and weeks after I could see you and mother, and would often impress you, or attempt to do so, of my presence. But you could not detect my nearness. Although mother was in the sphere land, and you on earth, yet I could visit you with as little difficulty as could I mother in her sphere. I go often now to see mother, and we come together to your home, and fancy we do impress you of our nearness. Not long since "Jim Lane" came with me and gave me benefit of his control, thinking we might conjointly, so attract your attention, you would recognize one or both our attempts, but in that we failed.

For several days before I was so sick I laid myself down to raise no more—I had a presentiment my days were nearly spent on earth, and during my illness that impression did not leave me—well brother, much as I desired to live, yet I would not return to earth again, could I do so and take upon me the body form with all the perplexities incident to that life. If I was to return again, I would live a different life, for here I see that our happiness depends entirely on the doings of the body. Truly that life is preparatory to this. I will try and come to you and yours, from time to time, will you allow me to do so? but do not be discouraged if my communications are broken or imperfect. Form a circle, and allow us to come as best we can, we were once obliged to creep

before we could walk, so it is with learning to control a medium. There, brother John, I have said all I could with my present control, I regret that mother is not with me to send word and greeting to you and all the remaining family.
Your brother,
ROBERT L. BRYAN

To John D. Bryant, Louisville, Miami Co., Kansas, June, 1873.
(Then there are a few words added that I can't make out.)

Here Mr. Pomeroy, is a true copy of the questions and reply, even to the marks and dots. As it stands I can come to no definite conclusion in regard to it. Its quality as test depends somewhat on how much information you gave the medium—if you gave him my address, and explained the case to him, or showed him my letter to you, before the sitting it is a poor test; but if you simply handed him the sealed envelope I must think there is more than mortal power manifested in the reply. Please state just how you gave him the communication in the paper when you publish this, and exactly what occurred between you and the medium.

I had a brother Robert who died eight years ago, but my mother was living at that time. The reply states that Jim Lane came with him to help him impress me. Now that comes near making me discard the whole, for I don't believe my brother would ever associate with Jim Lane, I know he would not when living. But even as it is, with all the information you could have given the medium, you nor he could possibly have known my brother's name nor about my asking about his remains. You neither could have known what questions were asked without opening the envelope; and for the benefit of your readers I will here state that the envelope containing the questions were sealed with fine wax seals, it now lays before me, and I can discover no effort ever having been made to break, or remove them. It was returned to me unopened and I had so marked it that it could not have been opened without my being able to detect it.

There is something singular about this and I now wait the publication of it to see what information you gave the medium. My name and address is fully and correctly written, that he could not have obtained unless you gave it to him, and neither of you knew I ever had a brother, or that his name was Robert L., which is correct. But the handwriting is not his, neither did we ever call him Bob. When I see your reply I may try further.

Yours, etc. J. D. BRYAN.

P. S.—If any one doubts the validity of this communication they are at liberty to write me. My address is given in full at the close of the reply.

On receipt of Mr. Bryant's first letter, which came in the mail which brought seventeen letters of like character, we marked the letter and the mailed envelope in order to know to whom it belonged on its return, and sent the envelope, sealed with five wax seals, by a messenger to the medium, with the request:

"Please answer all the enclosed sealed letters. Send the reply to each one attached thereto, so I can return them to the persons sending them to me, and charge your usual fees to my account."
M. M. P.

Two or three sealed letters and replies thereto were returned to us each day, as the medium would be controlled to write, till all were returned. As the sealed envelopes and the attached replies through the medium came, we at once, from the mark or number attached to the envelope, learned to which letter it belonged, and at once forwarded the sealed letter and the medium's writing back to the persons who asked us to do their errands. In this case we knew nothing of the questions asked, nor was the letter broken open or disturbed while in our possession, or by the medium. Not knowing the nature of the questions asked, we wrote to Mr. Bryant for information, and he kindly sent us the communications as above given.

Our readers will remember in one of the early chapters of this series the communication we received from the spirit of the son of A. E. Brush, of Darien, New York, also the statement made to us by Owosso, the Indian-Mexican spirit control of Dr. Slade, to the effect that he, Owosso, was with the boy spirit when Mr. Brush received the communication from us; that he, Owosso, saw the tears run down the father's face as he read the letter first to young people—after that to two old people who had called in to hear the news. In this connection we call attention to the following heart-some letter from the father of the boy, and also to a statement made to us by Owosso, through Dr. Slade while under control, or in a trance, a few days since. The letter is as follows:

M. M. Pomeroy.

Dear Sir:—It is but justice to say that the reading of the letter as described in the DEMOCRAT of May 31, was true to the letter. It was read to two schoolmates of Henry's, also to an old gentleman and friend, all of whom he loved. They exclaimed, as it was read, that it was just like Henry, and that it must be him. Dear Sir, what a load of sadness is lifted from our hearts when we think of those words from our loved boy. Be of good cheer, the burdens of the day seem light, and the weary heart grows strong. Again we thank you, and await more tidings with faith and hope.
Respectfully yours,
A. E. Brush.

On receipt of the above letter, we called at Dr. Slade's rooms, 413 North avenue, engaged a sitting to make some inquiries of Owosso. The Dr. was thrown in a trance condition. Owosso took control of his organs of speech, and the following dialogue ensued:

OWOSSO.—"Good morning, editor man. I am glad you here com. You got writing from

man Brush, about his boy. Me see it coming to you."

"Yes, Owosso, I have a letter, and I want to hear from the boy. I am trying all the time to make sunshine, and I want to make it go all over the country—in hearts that are sad. I tell you frankly what I want, and I wish the boy Brush to write me another letter on the slate. Is he here?"

"No, he is not here. He home this morning with his folks. In your print you said he had left the farm. He says you made mistake. He said he wrote it form, but your stick type man, way up stairs made it farm, and he wants you to correct mistake."

"Thank you, Owosso, for doing the errand. The error will be rectified. What is the lad doing now?"

"Oh, he all about the place where his father and mother be. He much happy, now, too, cause his folks be much happy. Pretty soon he be all right to go on with his studies. He wants to write again, and will when he can get to you. Wait a while and he will come. If my medium go to Darien, he write much, for the boy feels at home about there. Me tell you, Pomeroy Man, that boy he such a beautiful spirit. His soul is full of love and goodness. He is modest, sensitive, and so full of good wishes. He is sensitive like a baby, and does not like to press himself forward. Since you give room in your paper to this matter, and do it in the spirit of truth, and not to ridicule, you never saw such sights of spirits as come all about you. Me never saw so many come. They crowd all about. They are in lines, miles long, anxious to get to you. They hope you will have letters for them. They are more anxious to communicate with friends on earth, those friends on earth know of. The boy Brush no like to break through the line. But he will find a chance pretty soon. There are tens of thousands of soldiers spirits all around you. They protect you all the time, and they want to tell you how much they thank you for telling the truth about the war. They are Northern soldiers too. They all read your writings up here. Of course they do. We know you well. And all the spirits here are ready to help you—to go errands to find other spirits you ask for, and they all want their friends to communicate. What you do makes so much commotion here as it does in earth-life almost. All the land over circles are being formed, and your paper doing much thought sowing. Me come with the boy Brush some time and send for you. Good-bye now."

With this we conclude this chapter, to continue the subject next week, and to give two remarkable tests that what Owosso told us is true. The one being in answer to a query from a gentleman of Logansport, Indiana, the other being in reply to a letter, place of writing unknown to us, enquiring for a Dr. Joseph Van Buskirk, who appeared before us.

The Orphans' Rescue.

What a high authority says about "The Orphans' Rescue."

In the window of Elliot, Blakeslee & Noyes is a painting by Joseph John, which seems to excite an extraordinary degree of interest, if we may judge from the crowds of people which gaze upon it at all hours of the day. This picture is entitled "The Orphans' Rescue," and represents two children, a brother and sister, in a boat which has drifted from its mooring and is borne by the rapid current of swollen stream to the brink of a fearful precipice over which the water is wildly dashing. Floating in the atmosphere above are seen the forms of two angels, supposed to be the spirits of the parents of the children, who have watched the boat containing their bereaved darlings. As the bow of the boat is within a few feet of the brink of the fall it suddenly feels the influence of an unseen power and is turned toward a quiet eddy among the rocks, and the children thus snatched from impending destruction. The moral of the story is too apparent to need explanation, while the sentiment expressed is one that can not fail to touch a responsive chord in the heart of every parent. A magnificent engraving on steel from this painting has been executed by J. A. J. Wilcox, and published by R. H. Curran & Co. The engraving is of a high order of excellence, and in all respects an honor to American art. The very spirit and sentiment of the original have been preserved, and the general effect of the landscape rather heightened than diminished by the engraver. This picture possesses all the elements of an extensive popularity, and we are not surprised to learn that the demand for it is already so great that a second plate is in active preparation.—*The Commonwealth, Boston.*

\$97 Worth of Information.

"Country ministers," says the Chicago Tribune, "like country church-members, sometimes leave their moral strait-jackets at home when they come to the city. They often pursue pleasures in town which they would run from in their own quiet gossip hamlets. An old minister from Sullivan, this State, whose work in the vineyard of the Lord, has

extended through many years, lately registered his name at the Commercial Hotel, corner of Lake and Dearborn streets. After supper, one day, he seated himself in an easy chair, at the Dearborn street entrance, and meditated upon the beauties of a sunset in the heart of a large city, his vision being limited by engine-house No. 13. His meditations were rudely aroused by a well-dressed man who had laid his hand familiarly on the old gentleman's shoulder and asked him if he was not from Sullivan. The old man acknowledged that he was from that town, but said "I do not know you." "Why," said the affable young man, "I'm the horse-trainer." "Well," said the parson, "I remember there was a horse-trainer at Sullivan, but I did not know him." By the affection of much winning suavity the beguile won the confidence of the minister, and induced him to accompany him to a room on the corner of Clark and South Water streets, where the prizes of the Louisville lottery were being distributed. The quondam horse-trainer said he had drawn a large amount of money, some of which he would like to spend on the minister, as a poor return for the pleasure of his company. The rest of the story is dull because it is so ordinary. The man of God bowed to the shrine of Bunko to the tune of \$97. Like all such worshippers, he claims that he lost the money on a tour of investigation, and, unfortunately, paid dear for the information he acquired.

New Mediums—Powerful Manifestations.

From the Medium and Daybreak, London.

TO THE EDITOR.—DEAR SIR:—As desired by you and other friends of Spiritualism, and in obedience to direct commands from the manifesting spirits, John King, Katie King, Peter and James Lombard, I send you an account of some of the extraordinary phenomena which have occurred in connection with myself and five friends, well known in the musical and temperance world as the Royal Osborne I. O. G. T. Hand-Bell Ringers and Ballad Vocalists. As the phenomena have been of almost nightly occurrence since Christmas, about which time I introduced the subject of Spiritualism to their notice, it will be impossible to narrate all that has transpired. The whole of the party seem to have developed some mediumistic gifts. Three of them appear to be really first-class mediums, and with them singly and collectively I have had, spontaneously, without seeking, sitting, or seance held for the purpose, except on two occasions, the whole of the recorded phenomena of Spiritualism, from raps and table-tilting to materialized spirit forms; and two of the mediums floated round the room, and through solid wood, and one floated through the wall into the passage when the door was locked. This was witnessed by three of us, and when he was brought back again he was floated through the ceiling on to the roof, and brought into the room again at dawn of day, after an absence of, I should think, twenty minutes. This coming through the ceiling was witnessed by myself quite distinctly. This occurred at the Red Lion Hotel, Warminster, on Friday June 6th. During the three weeks previous, at Southampton, Devizes, Salisbury, and other places, the spirits seemed to have accompanied us, for manifestations of every kind occurred. The spirit "Peter" always acted as valet; but on some of us treating him as a servant, he was not long in letting us know he could when he pleased be master of the six of us. His power and presence became so great and manifest that we got to fear him. My own adventures on this head I do not care to relate, as they would surpass anything of the Baron Munchausen style of adventures I have read. Such manifestations to be credited must be experienced, and even then verified by others, least we ourselves doubt our own senses, and prefer to believe we have been deluded to the other alternative, that miracles are so common, cheap and plentiful.

We had a seance at Clapham last evening. After music, Peter, Katie and James came and entertained the company with the direct voice, raps, and very powerful movements of the table; and things were brought from the next room, and from the pockets of those present. The spirits also struck the keys of the piano, producing a variety of notes. Spirit-forms were partly materialized. All the party—twelve, I think—were touched and slapped. "Peter's" thundering raps were given in plenty, and by desire he moderated them, as well as the knocks he is fond of distributing so plentifully. The seance was concluded by "James," who found paper but borrowed the host's pencil, writing a direct message asking us to go home as it was late. A majority of those present were skeptics. We have had very powerful manifestations in daylight, and, in fact, from the time of opening our eyes till night again, in the streets, and in railway carriages full of people, and even when giving our musical performances before large audiences. On one occasion the performance was stopped, and the performers, and an audience of over one thousand people, put into a state of confusion and fear by "Peter's" antics.

HARRY GANNBY.

Frontier Department.

BY.....E. V. WILSON.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Give name of town, county and State when you write. *Direct all letters to E. V. Wilson, Lombard, DuPage County, Illinois.* Never direct letters to us in different countries, places, when we are speaking under short engagements, unless we so direct. Write short letters, and to the point, in "plain talk," stating just what you mean and want, and always date your letters.

The Atlanta, (Ga.) Society of Spiritualists

Held their first anniversary on the 19th of June, 1873, and from the report of the President's annual message, which we copy into our department from the Atlanta, Ga., *Daily Herald* of the 21st of June, we judge them as prospering exceedingly well. We have ever a word of cheer for our Brethren and Sisters in Georgia, and especially those of Atlanta. May the angel of mercy and truth be with them.

BROTHERS, SISTERS, FRIENDS: It becomes my pleasing duty, as President of the First Association of Spiritualists in Atlanta—yes, I might say in the great State of Georgia—to address you on this, our first anniversary.

Twelve months ago this evening Colonel S. D. Hay, F. F. Taber, M. D., Brothers Stevens, Eddleman, Dr. Herring, and myself, met at Brother Taber's office, corner Broad and Marietta streets, in this city, for the purpose of organizing a society, the object of which was to render ourselves more instrumental in doing good, the aim and the object of all true Spiritualists. Upon this platform we planted our feet, erected our standard, and unfolded our colors to the breeze. That hour will long be remembered. It will ever be to my mind—a bright oasis in the desert of life.

After appointing a committee to draft suitable declarations of principles, constitution and by-laws, etc., (the chairman of which was Brother Taber, who was the framer of our present declaration of principles) our meeting adjourned for a few weeks, during which time Brothers Ellis, Forsyth, Cressell and Dr. Heel's names were added to our number. Soon after our next meeting Sisters Davis and Ellis' names were added to our little band.

From the little handful, or leaven which was set to work by the organization, we can, and are already seeing marked results, numbers have added their names to our ranks, and much good has been accomplished in the short space of one year, which we should look back upon with great satisfaction.

This should encourage us in the commencement of the second year, and cause us to resolve, that the fruits of the coming year shall be double the past. This can be easily accomplished, as we scan the past experience, we can make amends and take advantage of circumstances.

The lessons which we have been taught by our worthy Sisters Torry and Ballou, and Brothers Hay, Clark and Wilson, have no doubt been cherished in our heart and will prove an exemplification of the parable of the good seed, etc.

When we look over the vast fields for labor and see the weeds and tares of misguided faith, that have so long choked down the tender shoots of truth; that has so often struggled to gain the ascendancy where it could receive the rays of the glorious sun of progress and be blessed with the baptismal showers gathered from inexhaustible fountains, by angelic hands, from the realms of the beyond, it is with pleasure that we strive.

Yet, how few laborers do we see at their post at work in the vineyard of our glorious philosophy. I am readily led to inquire, why is this? The query is readily answered in thunder tones—fear of popularity. Oh, Friends! heed not Madam Grundy, but come forth and stand upon your Royal dignity. By so doing you will disarm the enemy of one of his most powerful weapons.

Then with the sword of truth in hand, we can command reason to dethrone error, superstition and misguided faith; thereby raising man from his present groveling position to the foot of the mount of progress, where he can ascend step by step until he reaches a table whereon to rest and take a glance over the errors of the past. Again looking summitward where he is permitted to get a dim glance of the beauties reflected from the pearls of good deeds of those who have ascended higher, oh! what energy fills his soul at this juncture. This energy should be ours, for we have reached one annual table in our ascent up this glorious mountain. We would, from the fullness of our heart celebrate this our first anniversary, and rejoice with thanksgiving to the angel world, and through them to the great first cause, God the grand center and moving power of all things, from the smallest particle of matter to myriads of worlds that fills immensity. The finite mind can not grasp infinity.

We must, therefore, content ourselves with the knowledge that we gather step by step, never forgetting that we are a link in the great chain of humanity, and as we stretch out our right hand for assistance from those who have gone up higher, let us grasp the hand that is stretched out to us from where we stood below, for by helping others, we help ourselves. This fact can not be too deeply impressed upon the minds of every one of us. This lesson is not new. We have been taught from our earliest childhood to observe and obey the Golden Rule, first penned by Confucius, afterwards repeated by Jesus. "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." By doing this we but follow out the old adage, "render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's." A man, or set of men, who, in their selfishness, shut up in their hearts the good innate in them do not pattern of the being Infinite that made all things for their good, but rather pattern Hebrew Idea of Infinite, who, in his rage and to satisfy an angry mood, would destroy all that is good, and turn those who suffer for deeds he knew they would commit upon a cold and merciless world to die in degradation and despair. Let the motives that actuate you be free from this. There is a principle that should move men's souls that is of higher and purer origin—it is the "principle of God," that Spiritualists adore; one of infinite goodness and mercy, who, if erring mortals fail to do right, seventy and seven times he is ever ready to forgive and take back into his fold the sheep that have strayed, and teach them to do better. For in wisdom there is strength, and a knowledge of wrong enables men to shun it, and do right for right's sake. This is the same of infinite goodness and mercy. Let us rather, therefore, be of that forgiving disposition, that, seeing the wrong of our brother, are willing to throw over them the mantle of charity, and strive, by kind actions and good deeds, to save him from his errors and make a good laborer to work in the vineyard of progression.

For, brethren and sisters, it is not all of life to live here. We must prepare ourselves here to live hereafter in the great beyond—in the land of eternal happiness. Then let us store our minds with useful knowledge; let us grasp

after things that are hidden and search for truth wherever it may be found. Let reason and common sense guide our action; let us prove all things and hold fast that which is good; let us endeavor to build up around us a community who may be known by their desire for wisdom; and above all let us study ourselves and guard any angry passions that may arise to mar our peace with our brethren. Let our motto be peace on earth and good will toward men.

In doing this we pattern after the gentle, loving one who came not to slay and put to death, but to lead men to repentance and teach them that though their sins were as black as night, they could be made as white as snow by following his precepts and examples, and practicing the goodness and mercy innate in themselves, and leading good and moral lives.

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AND

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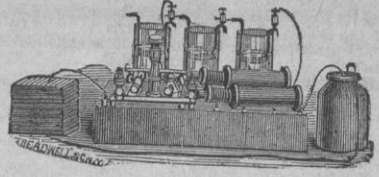
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In a boat, as lay in the swollen stream, two orphans were playing. It was late in the day, before the storm ceased, and the clouds, lightened of their burdens, shifted away before the wind, leaving a clear, bright sky along the horizon. Unnoticed, the boat became detached from the current carried it beyond all earthly help. Through the foaming rapids, and by precipitous rocks, dashed the bark with its precious freight. As it neared the brink of a fearful cataract the children were stricken with terror, and thought that death was inevitable. Suddenly there came a wondrous change in the little girl; fright gave away to composure and resignation, as, with a determined and restless impulse that thrilled through her whole being she grasped the rope that lay by her side, when, to her surprise, the boat turned, by an unseen power, toward a quiet eddy in the stream—a little haven among the rocks. The boy, of more tender age, and not controlled by that mysterious influence in despair felt toward his heroic sister, his little form nearly paralyzed with fear. But means of salvation lighted the scene, as from Summer-land, on golden waves of love, came the angels of rescue—who had been their earth-parents—and through that never-dying affection which thrills alike the heart of parent and child, a power was transmitting that drew the boat aside and lodged it in the crevice of the rocks, and they were rescued.

Thus many a soul has slipped its cable and floated down the rapids of life, with neither oar nor compass, and has been snatched as a "brat from the burning," by the "loved ones gone before." Many a child, unloved and desolate, outcast from society, left to buffet the rude elements of a selfish world, would perish on the way, if not for some loving heart to stimulate it to noble endeavors, and lead it safely along the rough and shadowed path, to reach at last some quiet haven—some niche in the "Rock of Ages."

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